Scenes and Persons in the Current News

1. Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, now a refugee in London. 2—President Roosevelt shown with Andrew Jackson Houston, son of Gen. Sam Houston, on visit to battlefield of San Jacinto, Texas. 3—Count Galeazzo Ciano, newly appointed Italian minister of foreign affairs.

Admiral Cook Assumes Post as Air Bureau Head

Rear Admiral Arthur B. Cook, who commanded the Airplane Carrier U. S. S. Lexington until last April 6, became chief of the navy's bureau of aeronautics. Rear Admiral Ernest J. King relinquished the aeronautic bureau post to Admiral Cook, and he will soon assume command of aircraft, base and force, U. S. S. Wright, at San Diego, Calif.

Sunday School Founder

Robert Raikes, founder of the Sunday school movement was born i. 1735.

New Germicidal Lamp Is Invented

Max Schmeling

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It merely happened that in his first real test against a man who could take it and hit back he did not have quite enough. Since such a possibility had been faintly hinted at by sports reporters, unwilling to further offend the better judgment of their editorial department comrades, his downfall need not be considered a catastrophe, or, **undoubtedly, was in the best of shape when he shuffled out for the first round. As usual, when not facing a Lavinsky or a Retzlaff, he was somewhat slow in opening up his opponent. But, even though he is strictly a counter puncher and was thus handicapped when Schmeling made him lead for more than usual, he scored repeatedly with left jabs. So he won the first three rounds, even though they were close and far from thrilling.**

Max Failed to Press 4th Round Advantage

He also was ahead in the fourth, having handed out some tidy two-handed punishment during the infighting, when disaster overtook him. Schmeling, who says that he became confident of victory during the third round, connected with a right. Louis came close. Schmeling slashed out a right.

The Bomber went down. While the audience was gasping, scarcely daring to believe he was up. But from then on, even though the methodical Max was too shrewd or cautious deliberately to go after a Dempsy, Louis was a beaten man.

Even though he fought back determinedly, even desperately at times, it is more than probable that Louis has little coherent memory of what happened while he was losing the rest of the rounds. Six times, once immediately after having been warned by the referee, he landed with his right below Schmeling's belt. He backed away, apologetic times. At other times, he was all too eager to collapse into a clinch.

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Schmeling stood there, his right hand poised for another shot. It was not needed.

Coeds Indulge in Rough Sport

A tense moment in a game of field hockey on Bovard field at the University of Southern California finds this group of shin-guarded coeds in a furious fight for possession of the ball. Tennis, golf and other outdoor sports are included in the women's athletic program at the Trojan institution.

CHESTERTON IS DEAD

This is a recent portrait of Gilbert K. Chesterton, noted critic of England's most noted men of letters and famed for his use of the paradox in his writings, who died in England, at the age of sixty-two. He suffered a heart attack at his home at Beaconsfield.

Manchester Has England's Most Modern Church

Without buttresses, gargoyles, Gothic filigree or stained glass windows, the Church of St. Christopher at Withington, Manchester, lays claim to being the most modern in England. It forms a striking contrast to the more familiar type of church. Notice the long, rectangular windows which add to the modern effect. The plans were made by R. A. Miller, Liverpool architect, and the church was built at a cost of $85,000.

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No Alibis Needed for Uhlan Gained Fame Hard Way

IT SEEMS that several of the boys **were mistaken. All along they had insisted that—if he wanted to —the winner of the Louis-Schmeling fight festival could turn the trick with one hand tied behind his back. Yet, as most of the 60,000 who witnessed the twelve round entertainment at Yankee Stadium will agree, nothing of the sort occurred.**

Max Schmelling is not one of the great fighters of all time. I mention this for the benefit of those who already have forgotten about the defeats inflicted upon him by second raters and who now will attempt to blow him up into a gaudy bubble. He merely, as was stated in this space, a well-conditioned experienced man who scorned to be scared by such childish things as newspaper headlines.

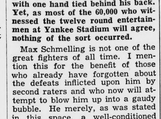
Such qualities, along with a right that kept exploding long after the Brown Bomber had been reduced to tossing duds, won for him. In spite of the quoted long odds and the feverish babblings of gents scrambling to get on the before-the-battle hand wagon, it really is not surprising that they did.

WHEN Larry French went **into the Giants' dugout recently carrying a bat he was not looking for trouble. Instead, the Chicago pitcher produced a fountain pen and the request that Mel Ott and Joe Moore autograph the club . . . Citizens who lament misfortunes which befell them in the betting ring shortly before Brevity and King Saxon were retired are preparing a plea for the State Racing commission. They will supplicate the racing rulers, who now use taxpayers' sugar for all sorts of interesting things, to appoint a few paddock inspectors capable of declaring lame horses out of stake engagements.**

In St. Louis they broadcast the whisper that a big Brooklyn pitcher, who should be old enough and grateful enough to know better, really caused the Mungo rebellion. Kept giving the Dutch master phony holdout advice in the cool of the evenir. . . .

Red Lucas Effective Against Old Mates

Red Lucas of Pittsburgh has won 26 games since leaving the Reds. Eight of them have been from his former teammates . . . He has proved effective on numerous occasions for the Pirates . . . Carl Duane, the Bronx Steamroller who slapped down some of the best featherweights a few seasons back, now runs a billiard academy . . . Although a fin-



Red Lucas

gerprint expert might recognize many old friends on the slips at Aqueduct, the bookies say that their trouble does not come from the professional sinners. Instead, they are that eminent business men are the worst risks and the most persistent welchers.

Two of the most accomplished umpire baiters in the National league draw top salaries as members of the Cincinnati front office force. During a considerable portion of the afternoon they sit in the stands howling at the arbiters. Then if a Klem or some equally able umpire happens to be doing his duty they rush into the dressing room after the game to enter additional beefs. Strangely enough (in a world where even claim diggers rush to the rescue of their mates) the two gentlemen, McPhail and Lane, were football officials long before they got on the Reds' pay roll . . . One of the entrants in the final Olympic gymnastic tryouts on June 20 is Porter Johnson. He comes from Dallas, is a tumbler and is fifteen years old . . . Edward Hennig, the Cleveland club swinger who hopes to repeat his Olympic triumph of 1904, is fifty-five years old . . . The woman golfer least liked by carries is Enid Wilson, the British star. The reason is that even though Dinah Shore does very nicely with nine clubs they have to tote 23 around the course for Miss Wilson.

During the racing season in New York not one owner or trainer was suspended for "hopping" a horse—Alice Marble, third ranking woman tennis player in 1934, plans to make a come-back in the East this year. She is the sister of Dan Marble, a former handball champion. The trick cap which Joe Jacobs wears was presented to him in 1929 by Andre Routis . . . Although the Brooklyn playing field is probably the worst in the league, athletes do more complaining about the Philadelphia park Their squawk concerns the lights and shadows which descend on the field in late afternoon.

All score cards in the American league still misspell Rip Radcliff's name with a final "e." . . . He has been in the league only a year, or maybe there is some excuse, but the same score cards misspell Umpire George Moriarty as "Moriarity" before the "ty," and George has been in the league most of the century . . . George Keogan, basketball coach at Notre Dame, found out that those aches and pains he warned by the referee, he landed with his right below Schmeling's belt. He backed away, apologetic times. At other times, he was all too eager to collapse into a clinch.

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Harold Sueme, rookie catcher the Cubs farmed out to Birmingham, has been placed at first base by Manager Riggs Stephenson of the Barons . . . Ernie Lombardi is the oldest member in point of service on the Cincinnati club . . . He has been with the Reds since 1932.

In answer to inquiries—Alabama Pitts is not out of baseball. The York club of the N. Y.-P. league merely has placed him on the suspended list for 15 days because an injured wrist will keep him out of lineup for that time . . . I do not know where Paulino Uzcudun is now. Why not inquire at the Hearst A. C. or at some of the Old Men's Homes? . . . Harry Weldon, long ago sports editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is credited as being the first man to assemble all sports news on one page.

Crochet That Quite Su

Fallen

WNU Service.

For Biliousness, Flatulence, Acid Headache, Gas & Sour Stomach

Eczema Watery S

Burning and Relieved by

Miser with back

WHEN kidneys fail to function properly and you suffer backache, with dizziness, headache, frequent scanty flow of burning urine, especially at night, when you feel tired and all upset . . . use Doan's. Doan's are a stimulating diuretic to weak kidneys and are used every day the world over. Doan's are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S

thetic leman

HANNING POLLOCK

Fallen Channing Pollock

WNU Service.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—14—

...ose in a few weeks," ...ght, Mr. Gilbert. You ...ing innocent people ...o this."

...embered that he had ...her. "It didn't get ...Barry thought. "It ...et even sure that she ...t glad I spoke, all ...

...said "I'll wait, Pat." ...at him, gratefully, ... trial, though," he ...won't take that chance, ...part, Peggy, go on suf- ...But now I be- ...who murdered Kelly, ...ame into the house ...father was there. Some- ...the thought of it that ...new lock on the front ...

...Hambidge began. ...why it blew open, ...that revealing your ...be merely 'tipping ...person I suspect has al- ...tracks pretty well." ...Pat said, almost incredu- ...'re not going to re- ...

...Winslow. He hasn't ...in my 'sleuthing' than ...leave him to work ...case. For the present ...attention of Mr. Gilbert ...time arrives when I ...I'll come to you ...Pat?"

...very beginning, Barry had ...Kelly. "She sued for di- ...and withdrew the ...Winslow had told him, ...that might indicate ...husband?" Barry ...covery after another ...But," as Barry ...city editor, "Mrs. ...Bridem. She went to a ...

...ig fating an alibi?" ...ded, advising a "check ...

...ossising until, as the ...investigation, Barry ...Herald Tribune of "the ...body was found." ...don't dare over the wire. You ...know; operators. Come in and lunch ...with me?"

"When?"

"Tomorrow at one."

Pat was eagerly anxious to hear his news, and there was no other way. But, if Pat's nose remained stable when she learned she was to encounter Peggy, her mouth straightened. "Why? What have I in common with this girl?"

"Well," Barry answered, flatly, "you're keeping her husband in prison," Pat flushed.

"You owe her something for that, don't you think? What're you being so high hat about? This girl's Mrs. John Clarke Ridder, Jr., you know."

"I'm not being high hat. Only, naturally, just now, I don't feel much like meeting strangers. Especially strangers with whom I have no community of interest."

Lunching together, however, it soon became evident that there was a "community of interest." Pat warmed to this painted chorus girl, fearful for her husband exactly as Pat was fearful for her father. Though Peg didn't know it, their fate hung on the same thread. Both heard Barry's account of his discoveries with regard to Mrs. Kelly.

"It seems pretty conclusive," Pat said.

"I never thought of that dame—I mean, woman," Peg added. "Would that get Jack off quick?"

Barry explained his understanding that, if there were definite proof of another person having committed a crime, anyone in custody was released immediately. "Then, unfortunately, comes for a dismissal of the indictment, I believe," he told them.

"See?" Peggy said, with the tears in her eyes.

Pat was no fool, and she found herself respecting and liking this "night club hoofer." She was Mrs. Ridder, after all. Whoever the girl might have been, it was the tears beginning to dissolve the beads that stirred Pat. She had never seen anyone cry that way before—cry with her lips twisted into a smile.

"You've certainly stuck to your husband," Pat observed.

"Why not? When you really love anybody, you don't care what they do, or have done, or what they are. It's what they are to you that counts. You're not thinking what you're going to get, but what you're going to give. That is, the right kind of girl is."

"Gosh, she's trying to help me with Pat," Barry thought.

The upshot was that Pat took Peg and the youngster to Southampton the next morning. "Peter suggested it," she told Barry. "And, of course, you're right—I do owe them something."

It wasn't the debt that did it, Barry realized. It was Jacky. Peg wanted Patricia to see him, and the house was so near. There really wasn't any good excuse for not going. So, for the first time in her life, Pat sniffed fried fish in an entrance hall, and tripped on worn stair carpets, and found herself stifling in a back room without air or sunshine. She'd known people lived like that, of course, but, somehow, she'd never thought much about it. She found herself thinking now.

"If I had to spend one night in this place— That's what's the matter with the boy."

It was arranged that Evans was to drive them out, and come back for Barry on Thursday.

When Barry left Pat at her hotel, she said, "You seem to be everybody's friend, Mr. Gilbert. It's a little hard to understand, considering—"

"Considering that I'm an adventurer and an imposter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," Barry repeated, "but that's how you learn what friendship means."

That night, Barry went to the Cocoanut Bar.

"I mustn't overlook anything," he reflected.

There wasn't much to overlook in the Cocoanut Bar. Not in the way of clothing, at all events. The lobby was full of men, more or less surreptitiously glancing at framed photographs of girls whose costumes might almost have been packed in a vanity case. Inside was a square dancing floor with tables about it, like the seats about a prize ring. Above, there was a balcony with more tables, except at one spot, occupied by offices.

There were three shows a night, the amateur Hawkshaw discovered from his menu—at seven, eleven, and one.

It wasn't hard to get acquainted with any of the girls. One had only to look prosperous, and incline his head an inch or two in the direction of a vacant chair. "We're not supposed to do this." Violet Fane informed Barry, "but Lula's got a swell stand-in."

Barry had his expense account and his ingratiating grin, and used both to the limit. It wasn't long before the blonde was telling the story of her life. "I bin with Lula ever since I was a kid," she bragged. "He's a swell guy. You oughta know him. I'll give you a tumble after the next show."

Lula was most affable. A sentimentalist, but a business man, with a keen eye to spenders, and a withering contempt for tight-wads.

A flashy young fellow, Morano was, who wore sporty clothes, and much jewelry. Slim and dapper, his shining ebon hair was slicked back from his forehead. He had a long, thin nose, and straight, thin lips, and a slight but rather curious impediment in his speech. His voice could be very soft at times.

"Tender hearted, Luis is," Miss Fane declared later. "I've seen him cry when somebody sang about mother, or the kid, or something. That loved-and-lost-her stuff specially. He was married once."

"Didn't it take?"

"Sure, it took. That's why he cries. The jane died, or something. Anyhow, Luis did—when he got the coin, I mean? Bought the house they want to live in, and went on livin' there—alone, with a couple of servants."

"Gee!"

"Ain't that romantic? I'll say so! He's still got the servants, too. They're all moved to a farm, somewhere in Jersey, a couple'a years ago. Would you believe it—he drives out every morning, after the last show. Nuts about horses, Luis is. Not to bet on. Just likes 'em.

"Learned about horses in Fauquier county," Luis said, returning at that instant. "I lived there 'till I was nineteen, and that's all they know. Go on, Vi; you'll be late."

"I never was late fer a show yet," she retorted. "Nor out of one. Not in all the years I've worked for you."

"That's straight," Morano admitted, as she was leaving. "Never been out of a show in her life. She's a swell girl, Vi."

There wasn't much to be got at the Cocoanut Bar; not that Violet and Morano weren't willing to talk. Morano's romance had left him a gentle melancholy—or maybe he was only worried about business. But, if he had anything to conceal, it certainly seemed to have no effect on Barry. On that subject, everything was open and above board.

"Just a gorilla," Morano said of the Big Boss, the next night, when Barry returned to the Cocoanut Bar.

"Oh, Mike was a' right," Miss Fane protested.

"Sure!" her employer agreed. "He wouldn't do nothing worse than steal pennies from a dead baby. Pal of Vi's though," Luis added, winking at Barry.

"Yeh," Violet declared, dryly; "until that Barclay dame came along."

"He was in here last evening, wasn't he?" Barry asked.

"Yeh. Just a few hours before they croaked him."

"He had a girl pinched, or something"

"Yeh," Morano repeated. "Nice kid, too. Took her around to the station in them things."

"I don't blame the Jane's husband for getting sore," Morano continued, "though bumping a guy off for that's going a little too far."

"Kelly was soused," Miss Fane said.

"Yeh. Plenty. And he thought the kid was picking his pocket. Nothin' to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jurisprudence

Jurisprudence is the science or philosophy of law.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Committee on Uniform Bible Lessons of Chicago.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 12

WITNESSING UNDER PERSECUTION

LESSON TEXT—Acts 3:1-4:31.
GOLDEN TEXT—We ought to obey God rather than men.—Acts 5:29.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Brave Peter and John.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Two Brave Preachers.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Two Brave Witnesses.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC — Courageous Witnessing for Christ.

In I Corinthians 1:21-25, Paul sets forth the attitude of the world toward Christ and his gospel. The one who preaches Christ crucified must expect opposition, and even violent persecution. This attitude of the world, instead of being a deterrent, should be a spur to activity.

I. Peter Healing the Lame Man (Acts 3:1-11).

The place (vv. 1, 2). It was at the beautiful gate which leads from the outer to the inner court of the temple. This helpless man had been carried to the entrance of the place of worship where he might receive the sympathetic attention of worshipers.

2. The man (v. 2). This beggar was infirm from his birth. He was not more than forty years old (Acts 4:22). When he saw Peter and John, he asked alms.

3. The method (vv. 3-8).

a. Gaining the man's attention (v. 4). Peter and John commanded him to look on them. He asked for money and got healing.

b. Peter commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth to rise and walk (v. 6). This was the very thing he had been unable to do all his life, but with the command went the ability to do.

c. Peter took him by the right hand (v. 7), gave impetus to his faith, not strength to his ankles.

4. The man's response (v. 8). Strength at once came to him. He stood, walked, leaped, and shouted praises to God.

5. The effect (vv. 9-11). The people were so filled with wonder that they ran together to behold this thing. There could be no question as to the genuineness of the miracle for the man had been a familiar figure for many years.

a. This helpless man had to be carried to the temple. Men and women out of Christ are so helpless that they must be brought where the life of God can be applied to them.

b. Peter, taking the man by the hand, shows the manner of helping the lost. Christian witnesses should bring them to Jesus.

II. Peter Witnessing Before the Multitude (Acts 3:12-26).

Though this miracle directed the attention of the people to Peter and John, Peter seized the opportunity to present Christ to the people.

III. Peter in Prison for Christ's Sake (Acts 4:1-4).

1. The leaders. Both priests and Sadducees joined in this persecution (vv. 1, 2).

The priests were intolerant because the new teachers were encroaching upon their functions. The Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection, which was a vital part of the apostolic preaching.

2. The result (vv. 3, 4). Though they were held in bondage by chains, Christ continued to work. The number of believers greatly increased.

IV. Peter Witnessing Before the Sanhedrin (Acts 4:5-21).

1. The inquiry (vv. 5-7). The inquirers admitted the reality of the miracle but they wanted to know what it signified.

2. Peter's answer (vv. 8-12). With stinging sarcasm he showed them that they were not on trial as evildoers, but for doing good in the name of Christ to the helpless and needy man.

3. The decision upon the Sanhedrin (vv. 13-21).

a. They marveled (v. 13). They were made conscious that they were on trial instead of sitting as judges.

b. They took knowledge that Peter and John had been with Jesus (v.13).

c. They forbade them to speak in Christ's name (v. 18). They could not deny the miracle or gainsay the accusation brought against them, so they attempted intimidation.

d. Peter and John's reply (vv. 19, 20). They expressed their determination to obey God rather than men.

e. Their release (v. 21). Seeing that the people were on the side of the apostles, the rulers were helpless.

V. The Church at Prayer (vv. 23-31).

As soon as Peter and John were set free, they hastened to their fellow disciples and told their experiences. They praised God for deliverance and prayed for boldness to speak the Word of God.

Pulling Together

If the money getters would line up behind the knowledge getters, and all pull together in a definite well-organized plan, we'd raise the standards of human life higher than the most fantastic imagination ever dreamed they could be raised.

Loving Others

One whom I knew intimately and whose memory I revere, once in my hearing remarked that, "unless we love people we cannot understand them." This was a new light to me.—Rossetti.

Charity Ball

By HARRY F. BURNS

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

THE boy arose and reluctantly left his companion at Mrs. Peuston's imperious bidding. The deserted girl's eyes were so appealing that the waiter was at her side almost before she had dragged her wistful stare from the boy's departing back.

"Did he say something he should not have, honey?" the waiter demanded fiercely.

"No, no, Daddie," the girl denied hastily. "He's a perfect darling. . . ."

The waiter sighed with relief. "Then what's the matter, Daisy?"

"He said he'd have to be gone a few minutes. And I think I'd better leave before he gets back."

"I think you'd better, Daisy. You shouldn't have come anyway. Mrs. Peuston's charity dinners aren't any place for a working girl. . . . Are you sure he didn't say anything he shouldn't have?"

"Honestly he didn't." She smiled up at him bravely. "Do you know who he is?"

"Some friend of Mrs. Pueston, I suppose." He looked down at her with tender sharpness. "These folks are too blue-blooded for us, honey. Don't break your heart with foolish dreams. . . . You shouldn't have come in the first place."

"But I had to, Daddy. Mr. Ginling gave me the ticket and let me have this store dress, just because he wanted me to see what was being worn this season. I couldn't fail him when he's been so nice to me always, could I? I won't break my heart with foolish dreams, though. . . . You'll tell him something, won't you, so he won't think I—"

"I'll give him some excuse, honey. . . . You'd better run along," he said hastily.

"As soon as I get a closer look at Mrs. Vanter's gown," she promised. "She'll dance by in a moment. . . . I mustn't forget I'm managing Mr. Ginling's evening dress department."

The dancing crowd surged past. She touched the waiter's hand in an invisible gesture of affection, and was gone. He busied himself about the midget table until the boy returned.

The waiter eyed the boy appraisingly. Nice, clean looking youngster, he decided. Seemed sort of fresh and wholesome.

"The young lady asked me to tell you," he said, "she met her father and she had to leave."

The boy was still fresh and wholesome, but the happiness was erased from his face in an instant. "Did she leave any other message?

Any—any word about where I could reach her, or anything?" he inquired hopefully.

"No, sir."

The boy leaned forward, staring with unseeing eyes at the white cloth for a moment.

"Which way did she go?" he demanded then, jumping to his feet.

"Toward the entrance. . . . She's been gone several minutes."

"Oh." The boy sat down again, slowly as if he were suddenly old. "Do—do you happen to know—never mind. And thanks for giving me her message."

"Was there anything else, sir?"

"No, thanks. Yes!" The boy wriggled uncomfortably. He asked hesitantly, "Do you—does the young lady come here often, do you know?"

"I've never seen her here before," the waiter answered truthfully.

The young man pulled out a card, thrust it into the waiter's unresponsive hand. "If you ever see her, will you ask her for pity's sake to let me have her address?"

The waiter was staring, unbelieving, at the bit of pasteboard. Above the name, two lines wavered before his eyes. "Ginling Department Store," and "Advertising Department."

"You can reach me there any time except tomorrow morning," the boy said. He explained unhappily, "I have to spend tomorrow morning with the manager of the women evening gown department, planning fashion ads. That's why Mr. Ginling sent me here tonight to look over the dresses they were wearing."

Use for Paint Grows.

Oil from soy beans is used at an increasing rate in manufacturing paints. It no doubt could be used more extensively if farmers in the Middle West could grow their own crops that would yield seeds with more rapid drying oils, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. The amount of iodine contained in oil is directly related to the drying properties of the paint made from the oil. The higher the iodine content the faster paint dries. Paint experts say that oil from perilla seeds has a higher iodine content than oils fro mother oil bearing seeds such as soy beans, flax, and hemp. Perilla seed oil cannot be used alone in making paint because it dries too fast, so it is mixed with soy bean oil. The perilla oil now used in this country is imported.

Sentimentality

"You seem sad," said the pilot.

"Not exactly sad," answered Miss Cayenne. "Only sentimental. Every time I get this far from earth I begin to feel terribly homesick."

Uncle Phil Says:

See the Bright Side

The world may be pretty sordid, but one does not have to contemplate that phase of it too much. It has others that are brighter.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the try angle.

One needs to learn how to enjoy two or three hours of quiet reflection. You can't be entertained every waking moment.

Calling a man "man" and calling him "guy" marks the difference between the intelligentsia and other people.

Don't Stay with Evil

If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

Sometimes a man has no confidence in other men because he has none in himself.

The people of Europe stay mad at each other all the time. They are as bad as our mountain feudists.

All you need in order to revel in Nature is a tent, a cot, a pan of bacon and eggs, and immeasurable love of the woods.

There Should Be a Law

The law can compel a man to pay taxes. Why can't it compel him to take an interest in the affairs of his government?

A backward boy who can't store away much knowledge can sometimes perform wonders with his hands. Every son of Adam should have some talent, only discover it.

Generally speaking, give your candid opinion, but mind who's present.

Displays of temper are sheer waste of vitality. They help nobody and hinder everybody

That's a Peptimist

A Pessimist closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corners of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done."

An Optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done'—and then lets Joe "do it."

But a Pep-ti-mist takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to it, and does it.

Fly Paper has been the cheapest, most convenient, most effective and least expensive fly exterminator. Don't be careless about dirty, health-menacing flies. Use Tanglefoot. Obtainable at your nearest grocer in regular or Junior size, and in fly ribbons.

Getting Ahead

One way to get ahead of your neighbor is by not trying to keep up with him.

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